Saturday, November Twenty-seventh, 1915.

Horse Show --- a Blaze of Girls and Dappled Satin Steeds, Says Nell Brinkley

"The Soul of the Show Is There This Year, the Color, the Dash, the Laughter, Rattling Spurs and All the Festival Taint"



A Narrative of Everyday Affairs

## Helen and Warren Hear a Bit of Disquieting Information.

Their Married Life

thine had been repaired and Warren had suggested a trip up through the

too cold," he had said when he had an-nounced to Helen that the car was fin-

thusiastically, with never a remark about the car, and never a suggestion about the car, and select that had hap-that she remembered all that had hap-pened. Whether Warren did or not remains to be seen, but suffice it to say he hissed her rather more tenderly than usual when he left—in the man's calendar of right and wrong a sure calendar of right and wrong a sure

A ND or pity's sake he ready on time." Warren had said as he left that morning. Their mains had been repaired and Warren of suggested a trip up through the crickines.

"We had better start before it gets o cold," he had said when he had anounced to Hefen that the car was finded. "I have been planning a trip to fail."

"How nice, dear: the hills must be went up to him.

Warren Shocked at Bad News.

than usual when he left—in the man's calendar of right and wrong a sure panacea for wounded souls.

They were to start that afternoon and at noon Helen had the two bags all packed and was ready to take her bath and dress. This time she was determined that nothing would happen to delay Warren a minute. The door belt rang and she went to open it. It was Warren.

"Have you seen anything of those tubes?" he inquired crossiy.

"What tubes dear?"

"Those liner tubes." Warren was runningsing meanwhile in the hall closet and emerged a few minutes later with two dirty tubes in his hand.

"Will you be home to lunch. Warren?" Marren back for these. I guess there won't be any lunch for me stoday. Too many things to think of "I'll keep something for you, shall I?"

"No, don't bother, I won't have time to eat anything, and the deor slammed.

Helen went on with her dressing and at 12 o'clock called Winlfred and went to lunch. After lunch she dressed leisurely and was ready to leave when the telephone and the scale of the telephone.

"Is this you, Helen?"

"Yets who is this Carne?" Helen's heart sank and she swallowed nerwounly. Carrie mercey called up unless than the sand she swallowed nerwounly. Carrie mercey called up unless heart sank and she swallowed nerwounly. Carrie mercey called up unless.

mergin of the planet is fresh. We are with a first planet special control of the planet of the plane

shifting, laugh ter struck crowds like a

"The soul of the Horse Show is there."

By NELL BRINKLEY. By NELL BRINKLEY.

The Horse Show—just what the words mean. Can you say "Horse Show" and not hear trumpets, the rolling back of circus dates, the shuffle of slippered and booted feet, and the rattle of spurs, the glassy tinkle of woman haghter, the vibrating, soft beat of lossfs going 'round and 'round-without seeing flapping silken banners, laughter-struck crowds like a giant harlequin so varied in colors and restless it is without smelling the odorons breath from the rustling wraps of pretty women up to the eyes in furs, and this heady flavor of something that intoxicates you into planning how you can own a horse, and a pretty wife of your own?

pretty wife of your own!

The soul of the show is there this year, the colors, and the dash, the laughter the thin little gosling girls with the reed-like legs in terra cotta breeches, the artillery officers, the pretty women (the busy and the idle) and the feathers, all out of it all the guest of honor. dapplied satin, and yearning to kick the rail into whitting, all because of the

fires and the youth in his heart and legs.



"The sweetly

of pretty

American Toymakers Supplant Product of European Factories for Christmas

Rene Bache

War Compels Making of Toys at Home and Toy Towns Are Springing Into Existence in United States That Make Better Toys Than German Kind,

stifling tanbark, the odorous breath from the rustling wraps

Connie Faces Her Problem.

with a beyigh arise lime posted a bory out of his pecket. I got her a better looking that this time than her last once was, he eard, anappung open the lid of the look.

There was a quick flare up of the old sensitive self-senses that had made my own life so inhappy.

Thow do you know abe'll take it? I poursed with cattishness I did not know I possested. "You look of creation are so sure of yourselten."

Jim looked at me with quiet steadiness. "Tes, I am sure of myself, Connie, and God willing. I'll make Betty as sure and lappy."

And that night when Betty turned her radiant face to me I knew he had. "Oh Connie, Coanse, I'm so kied to be alive—and all these weeks I've been envying poor little Mahet and wishins I had didd instead."

For Betty the live years of nilent inside the love now, she was sure of it—and that seemed enough. There was my love for Peter make me as strong?

wollied the trade, our toy locomotives are policy to the live of the property of the live was some of the guilt line of the limit of the local section. I must write a feet me in peace. Whin daylight came I made a first hore love to the limit of the